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AYOT-CHE-KA

An Indian Play in One Act

BY

HELEN P. KANE

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The music used in this play is from the collection of Indian music by MISS ALICE FLETCHER.

This play was criticised when written by FRANCIS LA FLESCHÉ, of the Omaha Tribe.

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NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH

PUBLISHER

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STRAND

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

A Charming Comedy in four acts, by Winchell Smith. The cast calls for seventeen males and three females, but by doubling a number of the small male parts it can be played by eleven males and three females. Three interior and one exterior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is upon the advice and capital of his friends that Nat Duncan, the young fortune hunter, decides to embark upon a wife-hunting expedition. The scheme is to go to a small town and live very quietly for one year. The theory upon which the pursuit is conducted is that in a small town there is at least one girl who has a fortune. All the young men who are worth while move away to larger cities to make their fortunes, but the poor girls have to remain behind, and those who are really above the average are forced to remain single, because they will not marry the riff-raff which remains, according to the theorists. This leaves Duncan with a clear field in any town which he selects.

Duncan's experiences prove the theory. The village banker's daughter really falls in love with him, and in accordance with expectations, it is actually she who proposes before the end of the year. But there is no such sordid end to the tale. It has been a part of the program that Nat should work during his year of residence in the village. He has found that work is really interesting, and brings its own rewards. He has become a successful business man while endeavoring to win an easy fortune, and at the same time he has found the girl who can make him happy, and it does not happen to be the girl with the fortune.

It is a charming, wholesome story, touched with tender humor and filled with quaint philosophy, with just the sort of love interest that makes one glad to know about, because it is both pure and sincere.

"The Fortune Hunter" is one of the most successful comedies produced in New York in the last decade. It had a most phenomenal run and is still on tour. Price, 50 cents.

PEACEFUL VALLEY.

A comedy in three acts, by Edward E. Kidder. 7 males, 4 females.

This wonderful play, known all over the United States and Canada, had just attained its majority and is a classic of its kind. It made the fame of its author, Edward E. Kidder, and was largely responsible for the great success of the late lovable Sol Smith Russel, who created the part of Hosea Howe. It has been performed over five thousand times and is still in great demand. "Peaceful Valley" is a sweet idyl of the heart with three charming love stories twined about it, and throbs with humanity, bubbles with fun, and thrills with pathos. The "human touches" that round out the history of the brave, awkward, tender-hearted young fellow, who waited on the table of a summer hotel to earn the money to send him through college, his love for his mother, "who has the whole of "Peaceful Valley on her mind," his adoration for the daughter of the New York millionaire, his flashes of awkward wit, his righteous wrath against wrongdoers, all make up a complex and marvelous character. Ten other quaint, hateful or lovable people are in the play; comic, serious, detestable, pitiable, and fine. There are over two hours of intense enjoyment and the play is clean and uplifting. Not a character in it is unworthy of being played, and all the parts are good. In the shadowed stage of to-day "Peaceful Valley" shines out a beacon light!

The play particularly appeals to college men and college women. The characters are so simple that they are easily played by amateurs. Price, 50 cents.

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No 1

YOT-CHE-KA

CHARACTERS.

YOT-CHE-KA *The Eriga*
OWERA }
OTSHATA } *Oneida boys*
OSARE }

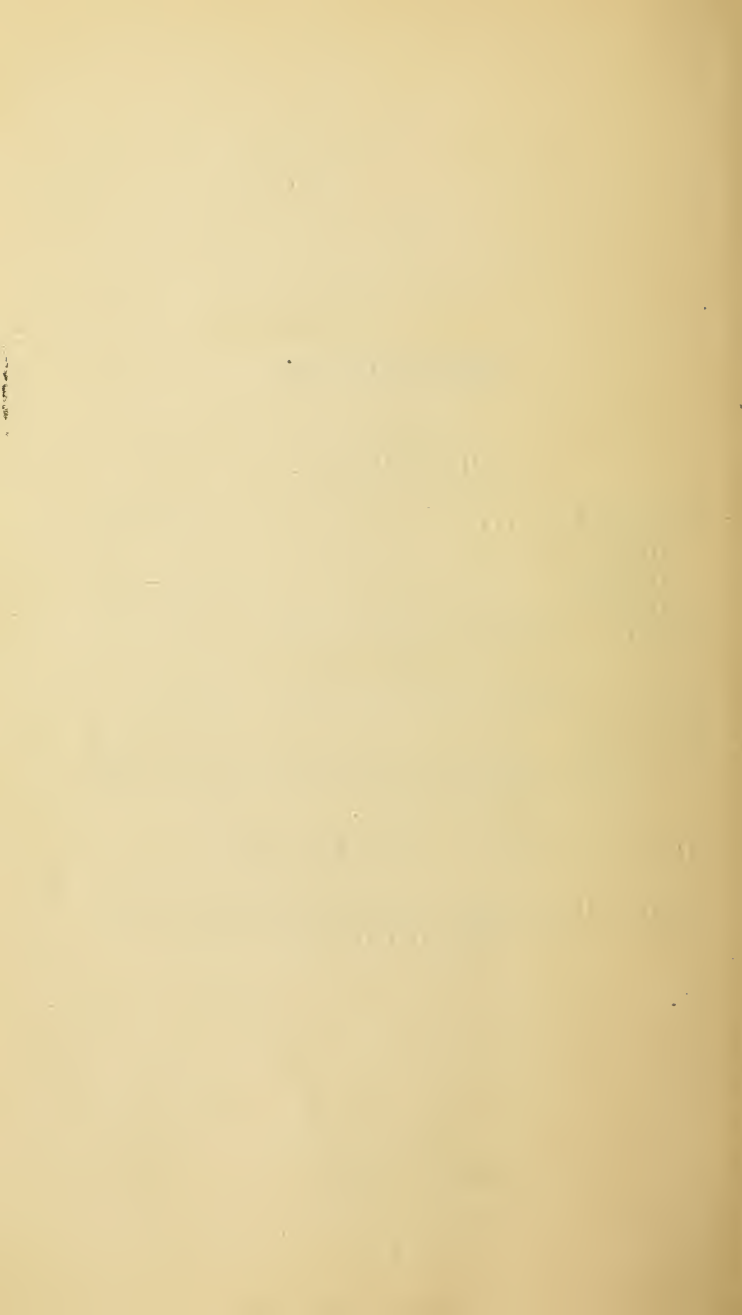
TOIKA.....(*Oneida*) *adopted mother of Yot-che-ka*

SCENE:—*Woodland outside the tent of TOIKA.*

PROPERTIES:—*Bows and arrows—loom, with blanket
—Fox—Grape-vine—Grinding-stone, and bowl
of corn—water-vessel.*

COSTUMES:—*Tunics of skin, and moccasins.*

TIME:—*16th century. After the annihilation of the
Eriga (Erie) tribe.*



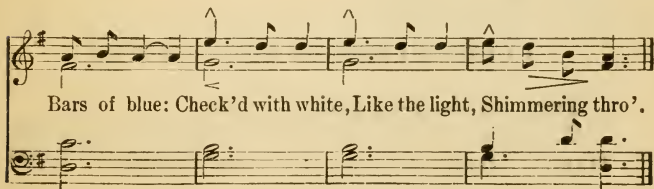
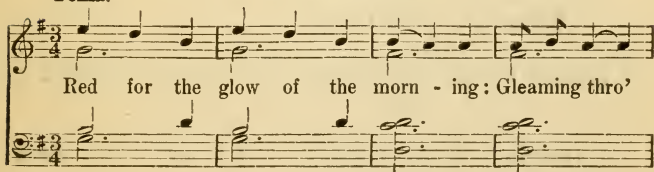
YOT-CHE-KA

SCENE:—*Outside tent of TOIKA. Tent with open entrance L. front. Loom with partly woven blanket beside entrance. Background of trees. Present, TOIKA seated on ground, weaving, and YOTCHEKA, R. centre, with bows and arrows, shooting.*

TOIKA. (*sings*)

Weaving-Song.

Toika.



YOT. (*running to pick up his arrow*) He! that was a shot!—I cut off a leaf!—Did you watch me, Little Mother?

TOIKA. (*laughing*) Watch you!—I was watching

your new blanket.—Do you think one weaves with wandering eyes?

YOT. (*coming over*) Hi! Is that my blanket!—Wait till I fold it around me—(*strutting as if holding a blanket*) Not a boy in the tribe will be so fine! That is fine enough for Chief of the Erigas.

TOIKA. (*putting her finger warningly on her lips*) S—sh! There are no Erigas here, my Son.

YOT. (*stubbornly*) I am one—I can remember—

TOIKA. (*interrupting*) S-sh!—You remember nothing. There is nothing to remember.

YOT. (*insisting*) But I do, I tell you!—I remember when they called me—

TOIKA. (*quickly*) They call you, Yotcheka, Son of Fire, and you belong to the Oneida.

YOT. But when I was of the Nation of the Erigas—

TOIKA. (*interrupting*) There is no such thing as the Nation of the Erigas. How could you belong to that which is not.

YOTCHEKA. But I—

(*Enter OWERA—OTSHATA—and OSARE, running in and dragging a long grape-vine.*)

OWERA. He!—Yotcheka!—We want one more. Pull—pull for Chief!

(*YOTCHEKA runs and catches the vine.*)

YOT. Ho!—Who pulls with me?

OTSHATA. I do!—You and I against Osare and Ower. Here's the line: (*marks on ground*) Now!

(*They take sides, and sway back and forth while they sing the Game Song, then begin to tug, pulling each other all about the stage, each pair trying to pull the other across the line; and laughing and*

shouting as they gain the advantage. TOIKA watches, clapping in time as they sing, and singing the accompanying syllables.)

Game-song—Boys——

Game-Song.

Chorus of Boys and Toika.

Boys—Pull! The strong - er Hé - o! O - hé!

Toika—Ha-ha - ha-ha - ha-ha - ha-ha - Dhé.... hé Dhé!

Laughs the long - er Hé! O - hé!

Ha-ha - ha-ha - ha-ha - ha-ha - Dhé..... hé - Dhé!

. TOIKA. (*clapping*)

(YUTCHEKA and OTSHATA finally pull the other two over the line, and the boys all fall together in a scramble, laughing.)

YOT. (*springing up*) HE!—the Eriga!—The Eriga has it!

(The boys all rise in a sudden silence, whisper in a knot for a moment, then separate, and silently run off. TOIKA enters the tent.)

YOT. (*alone, looks about bewildered, then stamps*

his foot) It is always so!—(calls) Little Mother!—
Little Mother!

TOIKA. (*within the tent*) I hear.

YOT. I want you, Little Mother.—Come out!

TOIKA. (*coming to entrance*) Well— What does
my Son want?

YOT. (*angrily*) What does it mean? *♪ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯*

TOIKA. (*teasingly*) Hé!—You are angry—
Why?—Has anyone been unkind?

YOT. (*puzzled and hesitating*) N—no—

TOIKA. (*laughing*) Then why be angry? (*re-
enters tent*)

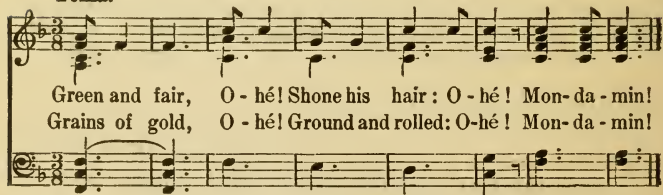
YOT. (*sitting down suddenly*) I remember—
(*pauses*) Do I remember?—They all tell me I do
not remember—(*puzzled. Cuts slowly on his arrow*)

(TOIKA comes out with dish of corn, pours it on
grinding-stone, L. centre, and begins grinding it.)

TOIKA. (*sings*)

Grinding-Song.

Toika.



Bring me fresh water from the spring. 'Cheka.

(YOTCHEKA gets water-vessel from the tent, and
runs out R.)

TOIKA. (*sings*)

Grains of gold—Ohé!

Ground and rolled—Ohé!

Mon-da-min!

(*re-enter YOTCHEKA setting vessel down beside her*)

Take it in for me, Cheka, and build up the fire. It is time this should be cooked if we are to have supper ready when the Father comes. (*rises and starts toward tent with dish*)

YOT. (*detaining her*) No—no— Don't go yet!—Wait—tell me—*do* I remember?

TOIKA. (*laughing*) We all remember.

YOT. (*eagerly*) Listen, Little Mother, I remember how we slept at night with the fires burning, and the warriors armed——

TOIKA. (*raising her hand*) S—sh!—You must not! (*sets down dish, and puts her arm about YOTCHEKA*)

YOT. No—no—listen!—I remember, how all day we went fast and faster along the shore of the great lake;—and how the arrows flew;—and how every night the camp was smaller, and the warriors fewer——

TOIKA. (*interrupting*) Hush, my Son,—you dreamed!

YOT. (*eagerly*) Did I dream we were on an island, with the waters all about us full of canoes; and the arrows flying faster and faster; and the braves falling everywhere— Did I dream the many—many strange warriors, climbing, and leaping, and rushing all over the island?—(*TOIKA puts her hands over her ears, and YOTCHEKA pulls them down and holds them*) Did I dream I was Son of the Erigas?—Little Mother, you *know* I did not dream!—*Why* must I not remember?

TOIKA. It is forbidden.

YOTCHEKA. (*fiercely*) Why?—The Erigas were brave!—

TOIKA. (*sitting down, and drawing YOTCHEKA beside her*) Listen, my Son, I will tell you all I know—tell you all I heard Kuraghkwa say the night he brought you to the lodge.

YOT. (*releasing himself excitedly*) No! I must stand! Now!

TOIKA. There was a woman—she has no name—of the Tribe which is forgotten——

YOT. The Erie!

TOIKA. (*repeating with emphasis*) Which is forgotten! She did a strange and terrible thing. She was Keeper of the House of Peace——

YOT. (*interrupting*) She was called——

TOIKA. (*interrupting him*) She is called Nothing! A man came to her for safety, and she betrayed him. For this, her Tribe was destroyed. And it was decreed——

YOT. (*interrupting*) What is “decreed?”

TOIKA. “Decreed” is that which the Chiefs say when they sit in council.—It was decreed that it was forbidden to the Five Tribes to remember——

YOT. (*leaping up*) But I am not of the Five Tribes! I am of the Erigas!—And I cannot forget——

(*Cries outside — “Ohé!” — “Ho!” — “Ohé!” — Enter OTSHATA and OWERA, with bows and arrows, peering among the trees, and shooting as they run.*)

OTSHATA. Hi! There he is!

OWERA. Ho!—I see him!

OTSHATA. Hi!—There he goes again!—I thought I had him!

YOT. (*excitedly, fitting his arrow to his bow*) Where is he?—What is he?—

OTSHATA. (*shooting*) A little fox— See—there he goes!

OWERA. (*shooting*) We’ll have him!—Don’t let him get away!

YOT. (*shooting*) Get away!—HO! (*derisively*) From a Son of the Archers?—

(NOTE—*The Erigas were also known as the “Nation of the Archers.”*)

OTSHATA. (*excitedly*) He's wounded!—See him!—(*runs out R. shooting*)

OWERA. (*shooting*) He can't go far!—(*runs out with YOTCHEKA*)

TOIKA. (*standing L. centre, and watching, laughing*) Yotcheka has it!—I knew he would!

(OSARE runs in L. as the others return R. all talking together, YOTCHEKA carrying the fox.)

OTSHATA. I hit him!

OWERA. He couldn't get away from us!

YOT. He was a sly one!

OSARE. Hi!—What a tail! Who will wear it?

BOYS. (*altogether*) I did!—I saw him first!—It was my arrow hit him!—etc.

TOIKA. (*touching arrow in the fox*) This did it.—You each shot this arrow?—What clever boys!

OTSHATA. (*examining it*) I am sure it was my arrow hit him! Arrows are all alike.

OWERA. (*emphatically*) I know it was mine!

TOIKA. I am glad you are sure!—There is a mark on the arrow. (*laughs*)

OSARE. (*examining arrow more closely*) I see—It is a—(*stops confused*)

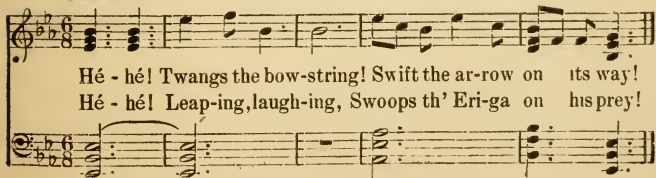
OTSHATA. (*taking arrow*) Let me see!—A—(*also stops*) I dare not say it!—

YOT. (*laughing and lifting the fox exultingly*) I dare!—It is the Cat of the *Erigas*!

YOT. (*sings*)

Song of Triumph.

Yotcheka.



(*Sudden silence. The boys all look as if something dreadful might happen, and they have drawn away from YOTCHEKA, as if ready to run. TOIKA stands L. Suddenly she laughs and claps her hands, and the boys draw long breaths and begin to look relieved though still dubious.*)

TOIKA. (*laughing*) The Chiefs may make a decree, but an Indian cannot forget!—The Eriga must be Eriga still!—Give him the honors, boys, he won them fairly.—He has the *right* to remember.

(*The boys all laugh and leap round YOTCHEKA, who stands centre, holding the fox, and each boy as he passes him, gives him an arrow. He holds the sheaf of arrows in his hand, and lifting it high sings again his song of triumph, the boys singing with him, as they leap around him, TOIKA standing L. and clapping time.*)

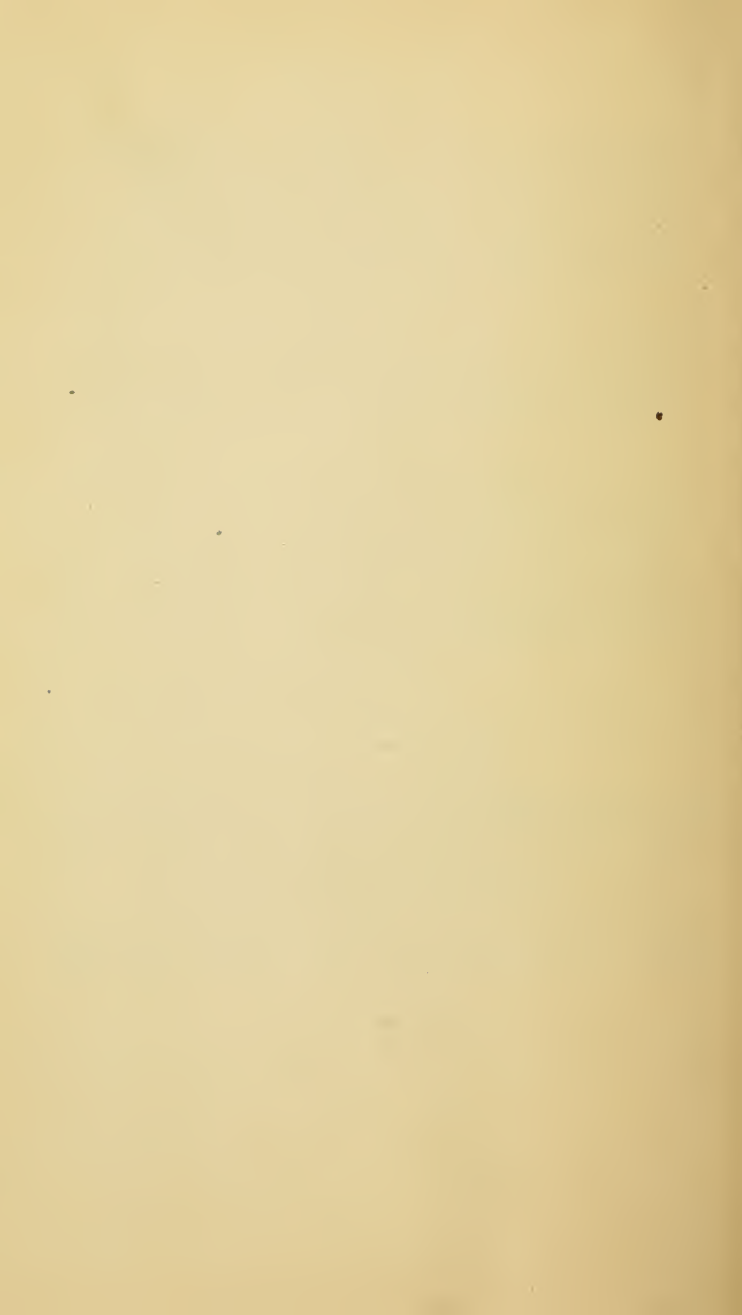
YOTCHEKA AND THE BOYS—

Song of Triumph.

Yotcheka.

Hé - hé! Twangs the bow-string! Swift the ar-row on its way!
Hé - hé! Leap-ing, laugh-ing, Swoops th' Eri-ga on his prey!

CURTAIN.



HER LORD AND MASTER.

A Comedy in Three Acts, by Martha Morton. Six males, five females. Costumes modern. One interior and one exterior scene. Plays a full evening.

Miss Morton has furnished the stage with some very entertaining comedies, and this is one of her best. The plot concerns the marriage of an American girl to an English Viscount. In the original production Miss Effie Shannon played the girl and Mr. Herbert Kelcey played the Viscount. Price, 50 cents.

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

A Comedy in Four Acts, by Martha Morton. Seven males, four females. Costumes modern. Three interior scenes. Plays a full evening.

This is the celebrated comedy produced by Mr. Sol Smith Russell for so many years with great success. Mr. Russell played the part of David Holmes, a quaint, odd character. He is a bachelor, country editor and literary critic, so absorbed in his work that the outside world has little interest for him. In fact, he has even overlooked the circumstance that his ward, Sylvia, who lives with a maiden aunt, has outgrown childhood, and he still sends her dolls and other toys as presents.

When, however, this oversight is made clear to him by the arrival of the young woman herself a change comes over his life. The critical sanctum grows too narrow for him and his interest in her leads him out into the world. And now the man who has lived in a world of the mind learns that there is a world of the heart, for he comes to regard his charming ward with feelings more tender than those of fatherly interest. But his sense of honor forbids him to disclose these. Nor does he imagine for a moment that she, charming girl, could become interested in him, a crusty old bachelor. At last, however, an attempt on his part to arrange a suitable marriage for her leads to the disclosure that she loves him. Miss Annie Russell played Sylvia in the original New York production. Price, 50 cents.

NIOBE.

A Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, seven females. The comedy by Harry and Edward Paulton is peculiarly suited to the use of schools and colleges, containing as it does much humor, only fully appreciated by those in the course of their classical studies. The play bristles with allusions mythological and historical, which only serve to set off the excessive modernity of the work as a whole.

The story concerns itself with the revivification of the statue of Niobe, who was turned into stone by Phœbus and Artemis, who wearied of her incessant tears for her lost children. The statue is in the keeping of Peter Angus Dunn, an insurance broker, and comes to life while his family are at the theatre seeing Pygmalion and Galatea.

Hopeless of convincing his wife of the truth of the story of the statue's animation, he introduces Niobe as the new governess they are expecting and the situation thus set up is the beginning of many perplexities and endless laughter. Niobe is what is known as a sure-fire laugh producer and contains many good almost self-acting parts—that of Niobe being especially effective with its combination of queenly majesty and naïveté in the midst of her modern surroundings. Price, 50 cents.

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A gentle, amiable widow-mother is Mrs. Pellender. Each member of her family is strongly characteristic. Edith, a malade imaginaire; Nancy, a tom-boy; Noel, a mischievous youth; and the superior Miss Pellender, as crisp as a biscuit, sharp as a knife, and the terror of the family. The mother falls in love with a diffident gentleman named Tister, but to break the news to her unsparing child she feels the greatest reluctance. She and her fiancé are quite unable to muster sufficient courage to "confess," and, in ultimate desperation, they elope, leaving a note behind explaining.

This is a clever, high-class comedy, particularly suited to production by girls' schools and colleges, and it should prove a great success wherever produced. It was originally produced at The Playhouse, London, with Mr. Cyril Maude in the role of Mr. Tister. Price, 50 cents.

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WILLIAM C. de MILLE'S GREAT AMERICAN COMEDY DRAMA

In Four Acts

The story of "STRONGHEART." is that of an Indian, named Strongheart; the son of a chief, who has been sent by his tribe to Carlisle, and then to Columbia, that he may return and impart the wisdom of the East. Strongheart takes a thorough course in football, and when he arrives at Columbia he is a crack halfback of the Morningside team.

The first act is laid in the rooms of Frank Nelson and Dick Livingston, also members of the team, Thorne, of the team, is jealous of Livingston. In order to plunge the latter into debt, he has wagered with him \$3000 on the result of the approaching contest, and then plots to lose the game for his own eleven, by sending a list of signals to the rival team.

Act II is played in the teams' dressing room. Between halves the treachery is discovered. Strongheart is placed under suspicion and dismissed from his team.

Victory follows, nevertheless, and the curtain falls on a scene of rejoicing.

The next two acts are devoted more to the love interest in the play. Strongheart declares his love for Dorothy Nelson, the captain's sister, and learns that while she loves him in return, the prejudice of her family and friends give emphatic objections to the marriage.

Thorne is exposed as the traitor who divulged the signals and just as Dorothy and Strongheart have decided to marry despite family prejudices, a member of his tribe enters and announces the death of the young man's father.

Black Eagle, the messenger, demands that Strongheart return, assume the honor of chief, and discharge his debt to the tribe for the education they have given him.

Wavering between love and duty, Strongheart finally promises to throw aside his love and return to his people.

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